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EASTER HYMN.

BY MRS. A. N. STOW.

Christ has risen!

Down through the ages the story has rolled,
Bringing to millions a radiant world;
Into the sepulchre, shrouded in gloom,
Hallowed with blessing, the message has come;

Making the saints of all ages rejoice,
Hailing with joy even Death's chilling voice.

Gladly the story was told by the few,
Wondering its meaning, its meaning was true;
Now, the glad tidings are heralded wide, —
"Lo! the Redeemer the grave has defied!"

Yes, He is risen, our glorified Lord,
Now and forever His name be adored!

Never let trials our spirits depress;
One ever liveth our wrongs to redress;
He who was slain for our sin's sake we cry,
Help surely cometh our grief to defy.

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One ever liveth our wrongs to redress;
He who was slain for our sin's sake we cry,
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"PARADISE FOUND."

BY PROF. B. P. BOWNE.

The secondary title of Dr. Warren's work, "A Study of the Pre-historic World," contains the real subject of discussion. It is well to note this lest a prejudice arise against the work as dealing with a purely fanciful subject. Before looking for Paradise, it might be said, it would be well to show that there ever was a Paradise. And such difficulty might pass for an end of discussion. Indeed, we have no doubt that the work will fall into the hands of many Philistines who, having no knowledge of the subject, and being unfortunately under the necessity of saying something, will not fail to make merry over the polar Eden. The subject lends itself readily to such treatment. There are the North Pole, and the polar bears, and the icebergs, and the awful cold; and out of these it would be easy to construct an amusing picture.

Let us say, then, that the work is a discussion of the primitive home of the race, and has much more of a scientific than a directly theological bearing. It is a study in ethnology, a study of that pre-historic world which has so great a fascination for all earnest thinkers. The conclusions are strange and even startling at first; indeed, some of them might well be called epoch-making for our study of origins; but they are throughout supported by honest secular facts and arguments. The book, therefore, is not to be set aside as the dream of a benighted theologian.

The hypothesis of many origins of the race and at different centres may be regarded as out of date. The race, then, began somewhere, and from that somewhere spread over the earth. Where was that original seat? Biblical tradition declares that the race began under favorable physical conditions specially prepared for it by God. Man did not fall into the world headlong and under bestial conditions, but the Lord God "planted a garden" for his reception and sustenance. Of course very many do not recognize the "garden" except as a fair dream of infant humanity; but at all events the race began somewhere and spread from somewhere. Where was that ancient home?

It is notorious that all attempts to locate it have hitherto failed. Theologians have not eaten of the tree of knowledge, and the geologists and biologists have even invented whole continents, which they carefully sunk in the sea after they had served their purpose. Dr. Warren appears with a new suggestion, and one which at first seems wildest and most insane of all. This is that the original home of the race was at the North Pole, or within the Arctic Circle.

In support of this astonishing view the author advances a still more astonishing mass of evidence. First, we are reminded that on our geological theory of a progressive cooling of the earth, the poles must first have been fitted to support life, and as the

land of the globe lies largely in the northern hemisphere, the North Pole would be the place where life could first begin. Next an error is corrected as to the relative amount of light and darkness at the pole, showing that there is more light there than anywhere else on the planet. Geology is next drawn upon for strong suggestions of a primitive circumpolar continent; and climatology testifies to the higher temperature of the polar regions at an earlier date. Paleontological botany and zoology are next made to testify to the extraordinary development of both plant and animal life within the Arctic Circle in past times; and finally it is shown that both the flora and fauna of the planet have traveled southward along lines all of which diverge from a point within the Arctic Circle.

But suppose plants and animals have spread southward from a common centre about the Pole, what does that prove about man? In the strict sense of the word, it does not prove anything; but if all the facts of geology and paleontology point to a polar origin for the flora and fauna in general, it would be a highly arbitrary procedure to make a groundless exception in the case of man. Besides, as Dr. Warren shows, the ethnologists themselves are beginning to place the centre of human distribution also within the Arctic Circle.

Life at the Pole would present a great many features which would not exist elsewhere. The motion of the stars, the length of the day or the seasons, etc., would be unique. But if the race began in such a place, we must suppose those early and unparalleled experiences to have left indelible traces in human thought. This Dr. Warren shows to be the case. Throughout ancient cosmology and mythical geography hints are found which hitherto have been utterly blind; and these have generally been regarded as proofs of the folly and ignorance of the early men. But these become entirely intelligible when viewed in the light of this new conception. They are merely traces and echoes of the astronomical traditions which the race bore with it from its early home. These hints the author traces with infinite patience and labor through classical mythology, and through that of the Egyptians, the Hindus, the Persians, the Chinese, the Japanese, etc. These strange notions which seem so meaningless, and, as guesses, so unlikely, all become luminous when viewed from the new standpoint. The light cast upon the whole field of mythology is surprising and gratifying to the last degree.

Thus far we have only sought to give a sketch of the argument, and to rescue the work from the reproach of being the production of a dreamer. So far as criticism is concerned, no one is in a position to do that who has not made as extensive studies as the author himself. We will only state that if there is not somewhere an unsuspected mass of rebutting fact, the argument must be regarded as decisive. The conclusion, if allowed, will compel a complete revision of our conceptions of pre-historic man and his origin and capacities.

Finally, a word of personal confession may be allowed us. When we first learned that Dr. Warren was hunting for Eden and locating it at the North Pole, we feared in our heart of hearts that much learning had made him mad; and this feeling, we suspect, was shared by many of the Doctor's friends. It is, therefore, not only a relief, but a matter for pride, to find the Doctor, not beside himself, but speaking forth such words of truth and soberness. We congratulate him on his work, and assure him of our penitence for our unfounded scruples. It is now in order for the jocose critics to send in their apologies.

A SUNDAY AFTERNOON WITH DR. JOHN HALL.

BY ARTHUR COPELAND.

There is no single man in or about the metropolis who wields a greater influence in religious circles than Dr. John Hall. This is the result of a steady growth. Beecher is weightier in intellect, but lighter in moral influence; Talmage is more dazzling, but less inspiring; Cuyler may be more

spiritual, but less forcible; and as for the other score of pulpits "lights" in and about this centre of American life, their candles cannot hope to rival the steady flame that has so long burned with purifying and cheering effect on the most fashionable and fickle avenue of the New World.

Last Sunday, at 4 p. m., the rain was drizzling down on a sea of umbrellas in the neighborhood of 55th Street and Fifth Avenue. Carriages of elegant pattern drove up one by one, and their inmates hurried up the high stone steps that lead to this temple of Christian worship world-known as Dr. John Hall's Church. All in this city who profess to be acquainted with its churches — from the boot-black of Greenwich Street to the promenade above Harlem Bridge — can direct you to Dr. John Hall's Church. It is a part of the city, as much as Brooklyn Bridge or Central Park. But the mention of Dr. Hall's church conveys no such meaning to the mind as that of Talmage's Tabernacle or Beecher's Plymouth Church. The latter have a significance quite independent of real religious thought and influence, though by no means is this judgment more than partially true. The Tabernacle is quite as likely to bring up a memory of *Puck* as anything else; and Plymouth Church, beside one-quarter of a century of American politics, will also suggest a scene in a court room in which several prominent people were marked figures. On the other hand, that church on Fifth Avenue stands always, and to all, chiefly for one thing — a bulwark of Christian power and principle.

If you could look over the audience gathering here to-day, you would understand this more fully. It represents all classes. Those richly-garmented figures, moving down the sloping aisles, tell at once of brownstone fronts and French apartment houses. Over there is a group whom any one would take to be hard students and workers just struggling to a foothold in some of the professions; and there, in the front row, leaning over the richly wood-carved railing of the gallery, is a couple past middle life, but who have not yet gained more than a competence, and whose aspect shows care and religious experience. Yes, the poor and the rich meet together in this temple of God.

The service was about to begin as we entered. An usher far down one of the aisles beckons, and we soon find ourselves, though a stranger, in one of the best pews of the auditorium. Everywhere about us this courtesy seems to be extended. These pew-holders, many of whom are rich beyond computation, do not hesitate to share their seats with all who may come.

After the old style of Presbyterianism, to each pew there is a door, reminding us of the days of childhood in an old country church in our native town. But here is nothing commonplace. The wood-carved galleries and pulpits; the lofty ceilings rising yet higher and higher by their decoration; and a hundred embellishments of art in window, floor and roof, show the power that founded and built in these fashionable parts. But it is consecrated wealth, as plainly so as in any part of the world.

There are few preliminaries to the afternoon service. Exactly at four o'clock the form of a man much larger every way than the average, is seen entering through a door at the right, and below the high pulpit. One glance, and you are satisfied. It can be no other than the great Dr. John Hall of New York. Clad in a heavy dark robe with a simple white cravat (I have forgotten the technical name), he seems at first a representative of some powerful ecclesiasticism. It is exactly such a robe and neckdress, except the color, which every Methodist can see who has a picture of John Wesley in his house. And what more appropriate? Imagine John Hall in a frock coat, or an ordinary ministerial "suit," so often reminding the beholder of a clothes-dress or a grocery store. It would be John Hall in *dress*. We are glad that this great, yet simple, man, breaking through an accepted notion of plainness and simplicity, has not hesitated to declare that a man in the pulpit is not a man of the street, or even of the few, but an ambassador of a court whose right and duty it is

not only to be clothed with the garments of salvation, but clothed upon also with simple yet distinctive robes of office and authority.

John Hall on his feet and behind his pulpit is a giant. He is a product of the pure Irish race, so few of whose descendants are seen among us. But travelers and historians alike tell us of these "true gentlemen and to the manner born." Hall is one of them. He is getting to be an old man now. The back of his massive head wears a circle of white like a fringe, and gives altogether a singular and impressive effect. The face still wears a genial expression, and age has carved few furrows on features that bear the stamp and seal of God. I do not know where a more impressive figure, in the pulpit, could be found, than that of Dr. John Hall. He is the embodiment of muscular Christianity, and of Christian humility. His black robe does not make him formidable and threatening, but only adds to dignity already crowned with the majesty of grace.

His manner is equally removed from any attempt at display. One is constantly saying, how easily now could he assume an air of overbearing ecclesiasticism, and how pardonably! How natural, if he should suddenly swell out in huge proportions, and hurl whole thunderbolts on the pigmy world! But he will do no such thing. He is preaching to-day from that text around which has gathered the polemic battle lines of the last four centuries, and whose latest exponent, Monseigneur Capel, has given still greater significance, "Thou art Peter, and on this rock will I build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." Above all else, John Hall is a scholar of the Bible; and to-day he holds his Bible in his hand throughout his entire discourse, now and then turning to references, his audience following him, so that the rustle of leaves becomes marked from floor to gallery. This is the custom in this aristocratic Fifth Avenue Church. These wealthy auditors follow him verse by verse through his Scriptural lessons and references, without for a moment thinking it a novelty. The novelty of the performance is only such to strangers who witness it; and it shows a fact, generally true, that this Fifth Avenue custom is, alas! one altogether too homely in these days for most, even country churches.

The side-lights of Scripture are all turned on to this passage to-day. Peter's life is traced in detail, and his standing among the disciples and apostles clearly set forth, and every fact possible is adduced to build up the preacher's explanation of the "rock" as being the preceding confession of Peter, "Thou art Christ," and that this truth was the one intended to be emphasized — Christ, and the confession of Him as such, "the church's one foundation," the corner-stone of the whole system.

His style of thought is highly argumentative. He seems to be talking as if on the floor of the synod, defending an article of his creed; but he is not dry for a moment — cannot be. He has gotten every intelligent auditor into a personal discussion with him, and each is going to watch this skillful expounder and debater lest he overreach and overmaster him. And so, throughout the hour's discourse, there is no moment which is not of interest. Having established his position, he now turns to the application; and, as from some newly-captured hill-top of the enemy, he turns their own guns upon the repulsed column, and pours shot after shot of highly impassioned assertion and denunciation upon the false claims of prelatical power. One by one the defenses of the enemy seem to tremble and tumble under this giant's blow. The race and religious prejudices of a north of Ireland Protestant are now mounting from that great heart, upward through the swelling veins of the neck and the flushing cheeks, to the seat of the big brain, and are pouring out again in a lava flow of thought and utterance, that burns away every obstruction.

But the debater turned orator is not excited. He is master in the moment of strongest wealth of eloquence. And why not? This huge catapult is made to strike battlements, of thought of stone; the whole man is a

smoking *Tenna*; how natural, then, to hear heavy rumblings at the base, and see the flash that tells the crater has overflowed! And so it seems to-day. When he has finished there is but one mind in that great structure; it is the mind of its master, thinking liberty of conscience and freedom to worship God; and when, in the small gallery that towers high above the pulpit, the great organ peals forth, and the precentor strikes the key-note of the closing hymn, the whole audience bursts out in a volume of victorious and soul-stirring praise — and another service is at a close.

No one will be able to compute the value of Dr. Hall's work in the metropolis. It has touched all forms of progressive ideas and actions, so that he may be said to be identified with all of the marked phases of the city's life during the last fifteen years. But while broad, its chief value is to be found in its inner circle, whose centre is his pulpit. It is here that he is both king and priest. And while from it he has moulded all classes, yet it is especially to be noted that his strong mind and deep consecration have been felt in particular by the wealthy classes of this Babylon of fashion and frivolity. One strong hand has been on the helm of orthodoxy here, and the bark has been not only saved, but is to-day sailing on a prosperous voyage, in spite of some rocks and adverse winds of doctrine, now and then noticeable.

New York, Mar. 11.

A SKETCH WITH A MORAL.

BY "FELIX FERRY, D. D."

SCENE — OFFICIAL BOARD MEETING.

"Well, brethren, at the last meeting of this official board," said the pastor, "it was determined to have a new and elegant church edifice — one to reflect honor upon our generosity and testify our love of the Gospel and God's house. A committee was appointed, and I am informed it is ready to report. If there are no objections, I will now call for the report of the committee appointed one month ago on the new church matter. Brother Warriner has the floor."

Brother Warriner: "Well, brethren, your committee has been diligently at work during the past month. It has found, much to its surprise, that our church has the most wealth of any evangelical church in the city, and yet it has the most inferior edifice. We have regarded this as discreditable, and in our conversations with our people have dwelt particularly on this point, and, I may say, it has stung their denominational pride, and we have therefore been unusually successful. We have conferred with several architects, have found that such a church as we ought to have will cost about \$250,000, have selected a very eligible site on a fashionable thoroughfare, subject to your approval, and we are extremely pleased to say, we have secured pledges of ten per cent. more than the estimated cost of the church. Brother Jones gives us \$100,000 as a starter, Brother Brown gives \$25,000, Brother Sequence \$20,000, Brother Fenner \$15,000, and Dr. Holt \$5,000, Sister Perkins \$5,000, and the balance is made up of \$1,000, \$500, \$100, \$50 and \$25 pledges. This is all the committee has to report at present."

A CHURCH MEETING.

[Present: Pastor, official board, and nearly every person whose name is on the subscription list.]

The Pastor: "Let us pray." Prayer is offered, in which the pastor invokes the heavenly fire on the gifts the people have laid on the altar, beseeching God to make them steadfast, always abounding in the work of the Lord, and in conclusion praying that "the glorious Gospel may get to the ears and hearts of the poor sinners who never enter God's house."

The Pastor: "Will Brother Jones read the names of all the good people who have made pledges to the new church fund, and, as the names are read, I want the donors to come up around the altar."

The altar is crowded. The Pastor to each donor: "Do you solemnly and in the presence of these witnesses declare that you have laid — dollars on God's altar, and

that you leave it there absolutely, and dedicate it to His glory as He shall inspire His servants to use it?" Each in turn answers affirmatively.

A hymn of consecration is sung, and Brother Jones, by request of the pastor, asks the Divine favor, thanks God that — church is filled with such noble, self-sacrificing people, and exults in the new temple which his mind's eye already beholds.

The Pastor: "Brethren and sisters, I thank God for your courage and consecration. You have each surrendered to God the amounts you have pledged, making in all over \$275,000. This is great. It is creditable to your church. It will give our congregation the finest edifice in town, and we shall undoubtedly have a large increase of wealth and fashion in our congregation."

"But, brethren and sisters, as a minister of God's Gospel to sinners, I can never lend a hand in building such a structure! When I see the misery and want all around me, when I know hundreds and thousands are starving for the bread of life, when I know that the poor too seldom have the Gospel preached to them, when I know the tendencies in city churches are to formalism and love of display, I feel that I have no right to consent to the locking up of so much money in building and grounds, when a better plan is open to us. You have all consecrated \$275,000 to God! As His minister I accept the gift! God accepts it, and this is what, with your indulgence, I propose doing with it: —

"First: Appropriate \$75,000 for the new church and lot.

"Second: Invest \$200,000 in six per cent. first mortgage bonds, the interest on which will enable us to have free seats, and to sustain, by your yearly gifts, a large amount of charitable work, and meet the running expenses of the church."

"By thus using the money you have laid on the altar, we shall glorify God in the most acceptable and Scriptural manner."

The pastor's proposition was discussed for two hours, went to a vote, and was — lost four to one.

A GLANCE AT THE REVERSE SIDE.

BY REV. CHAS. T. MOSS.

What beautiful and comforting words compose the "Beatitudes!" To all classes and conditions they have come as a balm or a benediction. They have stirred the soul of the poet, inspired the genius of the musician, inflamed the eloquence of the preacher, times without number. The sick find comfort in them, the unfortunate their solace. Like as at a great flowing spring numberless thousands drink, are refreshed, and take new heart for their journey, so the multitudes drink at this fountain to the refreshment of the weary soul and the joy of the troubled heart. And yet, this fountain flows, full and sweet and sparkling, as if the nearly twenty centuries since it began had never been born, and as if no weary multitudes had ever quaffed its divine outflow.

But, after all, there is a wonderful suggestiveness to the thoughtful in the things intimated in the Beatitudes as well as in the things stated. And a few of them seem to be on this wise: —

The voice of the Master is heard saying, "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." That is a rich and glorious promise to a very worthy class of people. But, there is many a man, and there is many a woman, who is not poor in spirit; and that, too, not because of any unfortunate taint in their inherited tendencies, for they stand on common ground with others as to that; and not because of any malign fore-ordination of any sort or from any source. The fact is, this class of people are proud. They are proud because they like to be proud; they cultivate pride; feed on it; rejoice in it; are proud as they think of their pride. And then they are very sensitive of their pride. They are repel the counselors who suggest other ways and the preachers who preach other things. If it be true that "pride goeth before destruction," it, or some being, has successfully hoodwinked them as to that fact, and they fancy themselves to be on the right

path to "the kingdom of heaven." Now, if "the kingdom of heaven" is to be possessed by "the poor in spirit," as Jesus plainly declares, what is to be the lot and fate of this other class?

The same Divine Voice is heard again, saying, "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled." What is that "righteousness?" And has it any possible connection with the acceptance of Christ as the atoning Saviour, or any relation to His shed blood? And is the possession of it in any way associated with gaining an admission to "the kingdom of heaven?" St. John in his great inspirational vision saw an immense company who had "washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

It looks as if they belonged to the same class as those who "hunger and thirst after righteousness," and to whom the promise is made that "they shall be filled." But let this "righteousness" be what it may in any Scriptural sense, and then these things appear. There are untold numbers of persons who do not "hunger and thirst" after it or anything to which it can be likened. They refuse to recognize the standard, will not accept any of its principles, prefer not to walk in that way, if it be a "way." In fact, their appetites and tastes run in other channels. There is a something in sin that is more attractive to them. Sin gives them license to follow any passion as they will. It throws no restraint over them, takes no cup from their lips, offers no cross, says naught of high and holy duty, and calls for no sacrifice. So they choose sin; they love it; they follow it, spell-bound and eager. They turn away from righteousness and hate its call.

Is being "filled" with the "righteousness" here promised by the Master of any worth? Does it do any good to soul or body? What is the "hunger" it meets, and the "thirst" it allakes? Does the being "filled" with this "righteousness" affect the condition or destiny of the soul nearly or remotely? Is it a possible thing that this in itself may be a test of present acceptance with God, of present salvation in Christ, or of final admittance to "the kingdom of heaven?"

And if any of these things come as the result of the hungering and thirsting, then what is to be the result of the course followed by those who, as noted, refuse to do the one or the other, and whose whole course of life and faith or unbelief is a constant repudiation of the "hunger," the "thirst," the "righteousness," and of all His teachings who uttered these promises of blessing?

Evidently Christ meant something when He uttered these remarkable words. It is inconceivable that He should use words of this or any sort without design. He did not use empty platitudes. And if such a thing as such a use of such phrases could be conceived, the Beatitudes cannot be classed in that way. They are too broad and far-reaching in their significance, too deep and solemn in their meaning.

The serious and awful teachings of the Son of God are not all found in the twenty-fifth chapter of the gospel according to St. Matthew. The beings to whom the brilliant and thrilling promises that fell from His lips are made, are not mere negations that may possibly be exalted into positive life. They have already the promise to a very worthy class of people. But, there is many a man, and there is many a woman, who is not poor in spirit; and that, too, not because of any unfortunate taint in their inherited tendencies, for they stand on common ground with others as to that; and not because of any malign fore-ordination of any sort or from any source. The fact is, this class of people are proud. They are proud because they like to be proud; they cultivate pride; feed on it; rejoice in it; are proud as they think of their pride. And then they are very sensitive of their pride. They are repel the counselors who suggest other ways and the preachers who preach other things. If it be true that "pride goeth before destruction," it, or some being, has successfully hoodwinked them as to that fact, and they fancy themselves to be on the right

"Blessed are they who" — do these things thus divinely specified. What of those who, in possession of the qualities of the race to which the words were first spoken and for whose guidance and benefit they are kept in being, do not these things?

Bishop C. D. Foss will spend this week in New England, dedicating churches. He will be with the pastor of the People's Church next Sunday, preaching in the morning at 10.30 A. M.

Miscellaneous.

METHODISM IN AMERICA.

BY REV. F. G. MORRIS.

[A Centennial Address delivered in the M. E. Church, Easthampton, Mass.]

THIRD PAPER.

In New England the introduction of Methodism was later, and its progress less marked than elsewhere. In fact, there was once quite a conflict between it and the religious order which had long been established here before the advent of Jesse Lee. But this was largely because of novelty, surprise and misunderstanding. I think there is little conflict now. Both these denominations, one great in New England, and the other great everywhere else, have moved much toward each other. The dignity, culture and conservatism of Congregationalism have been largely absorbed by the Methodists, and Methodist fire burns now as bright and warm on Congregational altars as on our own. I myself in a small way have of late been much among our Congregational brethren; and I have been charmed at their liberality, their courtesy, their piety. New England is what Congregationalism has made it; and it almost seems as if ordered by Providence that this most respectable body, with its 3,800 ministers and 400,000 members in the United States, should balance the comparative smallness of its number by the choiceness of its quality.

You remember that I quoted a passage from the address of Gov. Bullock. Allow me here to say that the "Encyclopedia Britannica" summarizes the history and present relative position of the Methodist Church in this country as follows:—

"Methodism is more properly national in its character as an American church than any church in the States. In Massachusetts and some other of the New England States it is less powerful than Congregationalism, which still retains there much of its ancient predominance; in the city of New York it is less powerful than Presbyterianism, and, indeed, occupies a position less generally influential than might have been expected. But in Philadelphia it is very powerful; so also in Baltimore and in Cincinnati; if not so strong in New York city, it is very strong in the State; and generally throughout the western and mid-western States it is the prevalent form of faith and worship. In the South, also, it is more powerful than any other church."

First and foremost, as I think, among the human causes of this remarkable growth, we must place the traveling ministry. Never was a church more truly established and for many years carried on by its ministers. Every occasional, annual and General Conference, from 1773 to 1868, was composed wholly of ministers; and during that period every law, rule and regulation of the church was enacted by the ministers. In other words, the ministry established and organized the Methodist Church, and governed it until 1868. This has been quoted against the church, but without good reason. For although the ministers carried on the church so long, it may be said with confidence that never did a body of men, responsible to none but themselves, with the most trustful feelings of thousands of people in their hands, and with every opportunity to advance their own interests at the expense of the brotherhood—never, I say, did men so placed administer a trust more unselfishly or with a higher purpose.

I have spoken of this ministry as traveling, and this has always been its chief character. From the first our preachers have traveled, and such a thing as a settled pastorate has never been known among us, and never will be. The pastoral term was at first of indefinite length, and could be terminated at any time by the decision of the bishop. In 1804 a limit of two years was adopted, and in 1864 this limit was extended to three years. Three years' time, you understand, is not the regular length of the pastoral term; it is a limit beyond which the pastoral term cannot extend. Each appointment is complete, and holds for one year. If a Methodist preacher occupies one pulpit three years, it is because he has been reappointed twice. A preacher may be changed from one church to another in the interval of Conference; he is liable to be moved at the end of one year, quite likely to be at the end of two years, and certain to be at the end of three years. Hence, his official designation, understood by all Methodists, and most expressive of his function, is "traveling preacher." Our presiding elders travel all the time, and can be appointed to one district only four years at a time, but may be changed from one district to another. The travels of our bishops are enormous. Besides not being expected to reside in one place more than four years at a time, they can hardly know what it means to be at home; and of more than forty who have administered the office, a considerable number have died while on journeys; some in foreign lands, and some in this country while on their way from one Conference to another. Thus died, I think, Bishops Clark, E. O. Haven, Thomson, and perhaps others. Bishop Kingsley died in Syria. Dr. Coke, our first bishop, was also the first bishop to die. After crossing the Atlantic eighteen times, besides incredible journeys in Great Britain, the United States, the West Indies, and other far separated places, he was found dead in his cabin, while on a voyage to the East Indies to establish missions there. For this enterprise he had contributed six thousand pounds from the same source from which his previous expenses in the service of the church had been paid; for he is said to have been the only child of a wealthy house, to have possessed an affluent fortune, and to have given more money to religion than any other Protestant of his time. He had established missions in the West Indies, in Asia, in Africa, as well as throughout Great Britain; and,

in fact, had for years directed the missionary enterprises of Methodism throughout the world. When his brethren of the British Conference, on account of his age, the difficulties to be overcome or suffered, and the importance of his services to missions already established, tried to dissuade him from going to the East, he said, "You will break my heart if you do not let me go." The last of our bishops whom I knew personally, laid down his work in China, while on his third foreign tour. Our ministry not only travels, but is appointed and directed in its travels by a general superintendency, or episcopacy, which, on account of a constitutional restriction, it is not in the power of the church itself to abrogate. Our bishops have no dioceses, but exercise joint jurisdiction, arranging their work at two meetings held each year for that purpose, and they are held by the General Conference to a strict account of all their official work. And so all preachers, presiding elders, bishops, travel, travel, travel; travel by system, travel under authority, and travel until they die or are worn out in the work. The discipline of the Methodist ministry resembles that of an army. They are men under orders. As Bishop James, in the address already quoted from, said, "All the soldiers are not officers, but all the officers are soldiers." Methodist preachers are not supposed to wait until they are called by churches already established; but are sent by the bishops according to the exigencies of the work; and thousands of churches have been established by such appointments where there were no churches before. The Methodist Church understands literally the great command of Jesus, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature."

Our ministry has always been and now is self-sacrificing, but never more so, probably never so much so, as at first. A few facts will illustrate this statement. For many years the annual compensation of a traveling preacher was limited by the Conference, which you must not forget was then composed wholly of preachers, as follows: Sixty-four dollars a year for himself, sixty-four dollars for his wife if he was married, sixteen dollars for each child under six years of age, about twenty-two dollars for each child between six and eleven, and no provision for children older than eleven. The Christmas Conference, composed wholly of preachers, prohibited the preachers from accepting any fees, or even presents, for marriages, baptisms or funerals. After a time this rigid rule was so far relaxed as to allow them to receive wedding fees; but such fees were counted as a part of the sixty-four dollars; and if a preacher received his full salary, he was expected to turn over all moneys received as fees, to the Conference, to help make up the deficient salaries of other preachers. During and since 1800 wedding fees have been the property of preachers, to use as they please. Take notice, the Conference did not ordain that preachers should receive the amounts above mentioned, but that they should not under any conditions receive more. These facts show the temper of the early Methodist preachers. In those days a preacher's life was one of great privation, hardship, persecution, and even personal danger. I have myself seen a table at which a preacher was standing while preaching, and which still bears the mark of the bullet which was shot at the man of God by some one outside the house. Yet, with such a life before them, they readily and firmly placed a comfortable pecuniary compensation beyond their own reach. It is not remarkable that some of them were obliged to leave the ministry because they could not support themselves and families in it. But the number of preachers has increased, until now they are a mighty host. In the older parts of the country these conditions are now somewhat improved; but I think the salaries of Methodist preachers are to this day scanty, in comparison with those of most other preachers; while in the frontier work the sufferings and labors of the earlier years are still constantly repeated. Another fact is worthy of notice here. A Methodist preacher cannot have a contract with his people, and cannot collect his salary by any law. This has been passed upon in the courts. The last case I have known of was that of Landers vs. the Frank Street Methodist Church of Rochester, N. Y. Whatever may be said of the merits of this case, it is worthy of remark that the plaintiff did not begin his suit until after he had ceased to be a Methodist preacher, and entered another communion. A Methodist preacher may be underpaid at best, and may fail to receive even the moderate stipend estimated for his support; but he cannot leave a church in debt to him. His leaving the church does not even extinguish the debt, for there is no debt to be extinguished. If under these conditions a preacher can obtain his salary by proper means, at any time, however late, I for one would not try to stop him.

The facility of pulpit supply among us grows out of the constitution of the ministry. Every effective Methodist preacher is legally entitled to a church, if not to a salary; and if he is left without a church, he has a good case against the presiding bishop, who must answer to the General Conference for his action in the matter. All churches that can support preachers, and some that cannot, are sure of a continuous supply. At the end of his third year's service here the pastor of this church will go to Conference to receive his new appointment. When his new appointment is read by the bishop, he will cease to be pastor of this church. If in the reading of the appointments it happens that his successor is not appointed here before he is appointed elsewhere, he will be pastor of two churches, or this church will be without a pastor, for about five minutes. If his new appointment is read after his successor has been appointed here, these conditions will be reversed. But a system of pul-

pit supply that does not allow a minister to a church to be unsupplied more than five minutes in any one year, but that sometimes gives a church two ministers at once, or a minister two churches at once, must be called reasonably effective. If the bishop should know of a church in California, or northeastern Maine, where the services of the pastor of this church would be especially valuable, and this pastor was willing to go, and certain other conditions were favorable, it would require only the stroke of the bishop's pen to send him there. Let any Conference of fifty members, or two hundred and fifty, or any other number, adjourn with the appointments, and you may accompany any minister to his new appointment, or worship with any church that has received a new pastor, and unless some special allusion to the subject is made, you cannot see any indication that any change has been made. Some years ago, when the Methodist Church was not as large as it is now, Bishop James said that that year the bishops had appointed ten thousand preachers, and, as far as he knew, not a man had refused to go, and not a church had refused to receive. Where can this be paralleled?

Our ministry has never insisted upon any one standard of intellectual training which could not be modified or changed. Some of the ablest scholars in England were among the early Methodist preachers there, and in this country there have always been, and are now, giants among us. Probably the Methodist ministry of to-day can produce men who in point of wide and severe training can match those of any other ministry in the world. But there has been a large amount of work that needed to be done, and that could be done without extended intellectual training, and such have been the large plans, the restless energy, and the almost fabulous growth of the church, that there has never been a time when the schools could furnish ministers enough, and they could not now. But no ministers have had better opportunities to cultivate popular eloquence, and no ministers have better used their opportunities. And while they need not be ashamed as a body of their intellectual culture, they probably as a body have no superiors and few equals in the highest known art—the art of moving men towards what is pure and holy.

CANADA LETTER.

"March comes in like a lion and goes out like a lamb." So it is sometimes said. We do not remember whether this saying has always been true in the past, as we do not generally chronicle the state of the weather. This year March came in very mild, and for some days the weather was calm, but during the last week it has been intensely cold, and now while I am writing, a furious snow-storm is raging, which makes one feel glad for a place of shelter.

The season, though cold since the dawn of '85, has not been unpleasant. There has been plenty of snow to make good sleighing, but the roads have not drifted as in some years, so that the difficulties of travel have not been numerous. This has been a great advantage to the country. Church work has also been greatly aided. Special services, such as evangelistic or protracted meetings, have been held on a numerous scale. There are very few churches in which a few weeks have not been occupied with special means for the advancement of the best interests of the kingdom of Christ. In the country districts especially the state of the weather has greatly favored such services.

In the city of Toronto several of the churches have experienced seasons of great refreshing. Meetings have been held continuously for several weeks, and much good has been done. Elm Street Methodist Church has been especially favored. Rev. T. Harrison, well known to many of your readers, was there some eleven weeks, and more than one thousand persons professed to find redemption through the blood of Christ. The work contains all the symptoms of permanence. The pastor, Rev. W. H. Laird, informed the writer that scarcely a Sabbath has passed since Mr. Harrison left for Chicago, but there has been some additional penitents. One Sabbath evening recently he received two hundred and sixty into full membership, and when the names of this large number were read out, they responded by coming forward to the front of the communion table, the scene was one of the most inspiring ever witnessed in that church. The pastor never before performed such a pleasing duty as giving the right-hand of fellowship to such a large number of persons at the same time.

"He gave some evangelists," etc. Would it not be well, in view of the fact that evangelists like Mr. Harrison and some others have been rendered so eminently useful, for Methodism to recognize this order of men more than she has done? There are a great number of so-called evangelists now at work, and their visits do not in all instances promote harmony in the church. Many of them are self-appointed, and their teachings are often at variance with Methodist theology. There is no back-bone in it. One has rightly termed it a sort of jelly-fish religion. Men like Mr. Harrison are duly accredited, and should be recognized as such, and their teaching be false, they can soon be arrested before much harm is done. If evangelists must be employed, give us those who are appointed by the Conferences or church authorities.

There are a number of gentlemen in Toronto, whose zeal one cannot but admire, who have assumed the right to build mission rooms and establish Sunday schools, and they go wherever they are wanted and assist in evangelistic services. They are laboring with great diligence, and no doubt they are doing good, but, though professedly members of the Anglican Church, they are mostly Plymouth Brethren and Pre-Millennialists. Their visits to some churches with which we are acquainted have not

left a pleasant state of things for the pastors.

Some persons have started the inquiry, why employ evangelists at all? Is there not a danger of begetting a spirit of restlessness and uneasiness in our churches which will engender the idea that revivals can only be brought about by means of special evangelists, and so thereby nobody will look for revivals during the ordinary or regular means of grace? A good deal has been written lately condemnatory of special evangelists. The writers cannot see why ministers in the cities, many of whom receive \$2,000 salary, cannot do all the work of the church without the employment of other agents at an exorbitant expense. It is but justice to say that the visit of Mr. Harrison to Elm Street Church, Toronto, was a financial as well as a numerical success; for after paying all expenses connected with his visit, there was a handsome surplus for ordinary church expenses.

The temperance question is now a live one in Canada. The Scott Act—local option—has been submitted in nearly seventy counties, the majority in Ontario, and some sixty of these have declared in its favor. The victory of last week—united counties of Durham and Northumberland—has astonished both friends and foes, as the majority of votes is nearly 3,000. Those engaged in the liquor traffic have taken alarm, and have been beseeching the Dominion Government to make alterations in the Act, which the temperance people know would seal its doom; hence they protest against the alterations, which there is no likelihood will be made.

A new organization, also, has been formed, under the name of the "Ontario Association for the Protection of Trade, Commerce, and Property." The design of this new association is to bring such pressure to bear upon the Government as will be productive of good to "the traffic." Compensation is particularly asked for in case prohibition becomes law. It has sometimes been said that a straw will tell in what direction the wind blows, and so the measures of those in "the traffic," and their new schemes, indicate how the temperance agitation is telling its tale. Never in the history of Canada was there such a strong temperance feeling as exists at the present time. The polling will take place in four more counties—three in Ontario and one in Quebec—on the 19th inst. Other counties are getting ready.

March 9, 1885.

TITULAR EPIDEMIC AMONG M. E. M'S.

BY REV. W. H. FILLISBURY.

I am, in no sense, a hypocrite; but habitually minding my own business, and doing the work assigned me quietly and according to ability given, for more than seventy years, I ever that interest in, and love for, the church of my early choice, which for so long time I have endeavored to serve, prompts this writing. I know I am not moved to it either by jealousy or envy; for, being conscious of not having earned distinguishing titles, I never aspired; nor have I thought it would pay for the seeking. Being of, and living among, the people, I know how they look at it, and hence I do not write without the book. Therefore censure will be out of place and unneeded; though it may come of my indulgence in a little criticism of what is not exactly according to my simple notions of the demands of a lowly gospel to the people and for the people. We plain and simple-minded men, whom you may pity, but may not censure—for however wrong-headed or weak-minded, we mean right—fall to appreciate the ground of distinction, so wide, between peers, as noted in this paper. I refer to the meaningless diffusion of degrees conferred until already they are no more than sounding brass and tinkling cymbal. In the race, though I do not enter, we plain-denying, cross-bearing followers of plain John Wesley, are sure to win the field at the present accelerating rate of progression. D. D., for instance. What does it mean, when conferred, more than to tickle the aspirant's ambition? It certainly cannot claim to convey power to doctor Divinity; of which there is already enough without the degree. I admit that an inherent aptness at doctoring may be assumed to constitute valid claim to be titled.

A. B. and A. M. are well enough. They stand for something, and are supposed to have been earned, and are conferred on all who earn, and hence, being common, they fail to distinguish. The Drs. have been so multiplied that very few have learned more than A of the alphabet of Divinity. As matters now go, the honorary decoration will soon come to be almost as common as lightning bugs on a sultry midsummer eve, and quite as enlightening. To the untitled simple-minded, who aim more to work than to shine, the titled are sometimes a little too like the meek fowl in peacock feathers. It may seem to be, and congratulate himself upon the seeming; but the peacock is only in the evening. The turkey is still under the feathers. Apparently the major part of the decorated have more ambition to reap the honors than to do the work of their calling, and gather fruit to Christ. The honorary bought or sought has no inherent power to qualify for a graceful wearing. The awkwardness will occasionally tell the story of the blunder of Doctoring.

It is not enough that the purse-proud and the debt-swamped congregation, the Grand Street and the Royal Avenue churches be supplied with D. D. pastors; but ministers having the D. D. pre-sential qualities, such as volubility, or suave manner, must, as a prerequisite to the long-for localis eminens, be qualified to doctor Divinity; and to keep this reserve line full, please allow me to make a nomination. It is a case of remarkable precocity; and, except that the nominee is a local, he fills the bill of imperative qualification for the divinity

doctoring degree. I find it in the Christian Advocate of Jan. 22, as follows: "A young local preacher writing about a revival on his circuit and of the work at two other points, says: 'A deep and deadly wound has been dealt Satan, and he is writhing at two adjoining appointments.' The man wearing the title, minus the merit, by his endeavor to maintain the reputation the empty honor has brought, must very soon wear out the people, as well as himself, and seek a transfer, take a back seat, or step down or out. The whole thing has taken on a type so factitious as to be facetious, and in some cases to remind the thoughtful looker-on of a bushel of wind in a three-peck bag before a hot fire."

In good faith I ask—and let none beside the conscious of the apropos take offence—wherein do double D.'s among clerical commoners differ from single D.'s among gentleman commoners? Both Doctors of Divinity and Dudes are fungi on society, as the "vermiform appendix" is a fungus for which, on the human stomach, the most skilled anatomists or physiologists have not been able to find any need or use. I do not wish to be understood as meaning that titular degrees are never earned or worthily conferred; but, to be worn gracefully, and as though not worn, they must be bestowed for cause, and to sufficient cause restricted. Maturity earns; but the mature mind neither needs nor desires it. The reputation has been earned without the badge, and hence does not need the ornament. It bestowed, it should be strictly honorary, as the epaulets, the spurs, or the Star and Garter. Then, and only then, can the decoration be worn gracefully, and the wearer be entitled to receive the respect due only to merit. But, in view of the contagion of example, I am not sure but in extreme cases of merit it might be as well to provide, by contract or by will, for post mortem decoration, to be indicated, in due time, to the mourning cortege by a crown, properly degree initiated, placed conspicuously upon the casket. The Catholic saint must be sepulchred fifty, one hundred, or perhaps two hundred years before being canonized by the Pope.

And now for a sample case of the unseemly and damaging obtrusion before the sensitive popular mind, especially before the clerical public, of high-sounding titles. A popular meeting is called. To organize, the machine, after the manner of politicians, works off the list of officers made up of D. D.'s and LL. D.'s, and D. D., LL. D.'s, to the last, when, to some more cautious mind it occurs that it may be well enough that the untitled majority of Revs. be represented, and a Rev. is appended, who, unless he be a candidate, in the *pro forma* list, for the Doctorate, will feel like a cat in a strange garret.

And now, to cover the whole ground, I put in, as a demurrer to criticism of any appearance, in this paper, of ridicule, that the whole matter of titling, and the array of titles, so presents itself to some minds that ridicule comes as if the boy's whistling. Some time there may be a strike; though I don't think it will come to dynamite. All M. E. ministers are assumed to be members of Christ's church, and the titled Rev., in his relation to the church, to be no more than the peer of the plain Rev.; but the mingling sometimes, and on some occasions, is too like the mingling of oil and water.

For this disturber of the peace, it may be, of some, I offer no apology, assuring my brethren that I have written thus not that I love my titled brethren less, but that I love the church, whose pals I entered in my early youth, and whose sixty years ago, more. When will this Doctoring craze have an end? I hope—though the end be not yet in sight—before the glory shall depart!

"THE PRAYER OF FAITH SHALL SAVE THE SICK."

BY REV. W. H. DANIELS.

MR. EDITOR: My honored friend, Dr. Townsend, has asked me for suggestions relative to "faith cures," and having seen much, and experienced much, of this sort of work, both in Old England and New England, I venture to say a word or two.

These cures ought first to be studied as facts. That there are actual cases of the kind set forth in James 5: 15, many credible witnesses are ready to testify. It would be a strange thing if there were not, for the statement above cited is as plain a promise and prophecy as there is in the whole Bible, concerning temporal gifts. The facts, then, agree with the text; so far all is clear and definite and indisputable.

2. All the trouble over this subject, as it seems to me, begins with the attempt to draw inferences from these facts for the purpose of constructing a law, or a theory, or a bit of theology. But what can be the use of a theory over and above the simple statement of the text? Is not the text genuine? And if it be genuine, is it not true? And if it be true, can there be a better formula than this? If this be a statement on the authority of God, we can neither add to nor subtract from it by all our philosophy or theology. There it stands, simple and complete. Why not stand by it, as we do by any other plain text of Scripture? Has it become a thing incredible that God should save the sick?

3. God has given us various healing plants, and has caused the rise of a great system of medical science. But in doing this He has not taken any gift away. The physicians do not supplant the apostles and elders; they supplement them. Cures by pills and powders have not displaced cures by prayer; both work together, for the same purpose, by the same love of God, and under the same watchful care and government. Both succeed sometimes, and both fail sometimes. What then? Simply this: God has not given us any "law" of cures which is constant, like the law of gravity, or the rules of

mathematics; yet that is no reason why we should not use both the medicine and the prayer. That text in James was evidently not intended to give over the power of life and death from the sovereign hands of the Lord to the blundering hands of men; there are limitations, of course there are, limitations which are not stated by St. James or by any one else, other than the general statement that life and health are gifts of God, and that, beyond certain limits of voluntary action on our part, He appoints their bounds which they cannot pass. It must be within this zone of liberty, then, that prayer cures and medicine cures alike are possible.

4. The limits of this text, like those of any other text relative to providential and temporal affairs (which should be carefully distinguished from those relating to spiritual and eternal affairs), can only be determined in each case by trial. The same is true of cures by medicine. For example: Dr. Boardman and Dr. Callis pray over me and I am cured; they pray over another similar case, and it is not cured. Why? The same thing is common enough in prayer for every other sort of temporal blessing, but the "why" in these cases does not seem to trouble the brethren. The same thing, also, is common in medical practice. Belladonna cures one patient—at least, he gets well—while another similarly afflicted dies in spite of belladonna. Why?

Is not the "why" in the matter of the success or failure of prayer in saving the sick one of the unanswerable questions, one of the things which the Ruler of the universe has chosen to keep to Himself? What then? I see no better way than to use prayer for healing just as we use prayer for any other temporal blessing, and just as we use any other possibly helpful means of health.

One thing seems of value, viz., either in the Bible or out of it, neither can we deduce or construct any additional "doctrine" from the text, or the facts that attest its truth; and it is much more modest for Christian believers to set down the failures of the prayer cure, in any given case, to their own imperfect or mistaken use of the divine Word, than to use them as a criticism or discount on the Word itself.

Amherst, Mass.

Our Book Table.

In the extended series of elaborate Histories of the Pacific States, by Mr. Hubert Howe Bancroft, San Francisco, Cal., published chronologically, we have from the press of H. Bancroft & Co., the fourth volume of THE HISTORY OF MEXICO, the seventh in the Connected Series. The present volume takes up the history of our neighboring Republic, then a dependency of the Spanish throne, at the commencement of the present century. It opens with a condensed, but vivid, picture of the effect of the entrance into European politics of Napoleon I., and the general condition of the European nations, particularly of Spain. The second chapter commences the discussion of the causes which eventually awakened the appeal to arms for independence in Mexico, entering at large into the protracted struggle, and giving well-drawn sketches of its leaders. The closing chapters record the ultimate triumph of the Revolution, with the depressed condition of the country, the temporary government, the short reign and delinquency of Ferdinand Maximilian, and the restoration of the new administration. This brings the history down to 1874. The succeeding volume will record events still fresh in the memories of the present generation. We need not speak of the style and execution of this volume. The same rapid movement, of hand, but far from ungraceful, manner, the outspoken judgment, founded upon ample references, and the same breadth of compass embracing the collateral topics involved in the general thread of history, which have marked its predecessors, are apparent in the present volume, covering an exciting and important era in Mexican history. \$4.50 a volume.

IN THE LENA DELTA; Search for Lieutenant Commander De Long; The Greely Relief Expedition, by Lieut. G. W. Melville, Chief Engineer U. S. N. Edited by Melville Phillips, with Maps and Illustrations. Octavo, 497 pp., \$3.50. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Nothing could give a clearer intimation of the fascinating character of the Arctic trips than the statement that three editions, of a thousand copies each, of this extensive volume have already been called for. The first story of the lost Jeannette has been taken up in lectures, in the columns of periodicals, and in volumes, but never so fully and clearly as in this elegantly-published and illustrated work. It does not lose its interest by repetition, so deep is the pathos with which it is invested. The search, by Lieut. Greely, and the thrilling story of his rescue, are also graphically related. The volume closes with an elaborate plan, growing out of the writer's ample Arctic experience, for reaching the coveted northern magnetic centre. We trust it will not be tried until the present generation has passed away. Our sensibilities have been too severely strained to submit to another test in a human lifetime. It goes without saying that this volume is one of peculiar value both as a scientific work and as a volume of intensely interesting voyages and travels.

THE RELIGION OF PHILOSOPHY; or, The Unification of Knowledge, by Raymond S. Perrin. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 8vo, 566 pp., \$4.00. Certainly the writer of this stout octavo has a sublime ambition, not to say self-conceit. His object is, in the review of all systems of philosophy and religion, to reach a few ultimate principles which will unify all thought and belief as to our own nature and the nature of God. The writer gives an extended survey of the progress of philosophy from Thales down to George Henry Lewes. He then takes a retrospective view of religious faith from Egyptian mysticism to modern positivism. In the category of superstitions he reckons the Hebrew and Christian systems. It is rather hard to tell what is, after all, the unifying thought. It seems to be a clear apprehension of morality as related to personal and national purity. His final chapter is a call upon the women of America to come to the rescue of the Religion of Philosophy. We are inclined to believe, in spite of this learned treatise, that the Gospel of the Hebrew Christ will still be preached as the foundation of morality, and the Irenic thought in all philosophy.

LIFE AND TRAVEL IN INDIA, by ADRA Harriette Leonowens, author of "The English Governess at the Siamese Court." 12mo, 325 pp. Porter & Coates, Philadelphia. Mrs. Leonowens' long familiarity with Oriental life and the habits and customs of the Hindus. She traveled in India before the days of railroads, and saw the country and people before the foreign element had made much impression outside of a few cities. She gives a short and interesting history of India since the early conquests of the Portuguese, and a lively description of the social and religious conditions of the people, with vivid pictures of the architecture of the most noted architectural structures of India. The volume is a very attractive one, and full of instruction. It will especially commend itself to our ladies who are so interested in the zenana missions in that country.

THE HISTORY OF THE PRESENT TARIFF, 1860-1883, by F. W. Taussig, Ph. D., Harvard University. 12mo, 108 pp., 75 cents. The Professor writes a history of a few weeks since in the Free Trade League House, has given, in this portable form, a clear history of the occasion of the establishing of a war tariff, the nature of it, and the attacks which have prevented its reduction since the return of peace. It is a valuable contribution to the important social and financial discussion of the hour, and will be welcomed by students in political economy.

THE SECRET OF DEATH (from the Sanskrit), with Some Collected Poems, by Edwin Arnold, M. A. 12mo, \$1.00. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Mr. Arnold is sure of a hearing in this country, whatever may be his theme. He pays in his dedication a warm tribute to his American readers. Probably he would not make a bad thing of it, if he were to make a bad thing of it. The chief poems of this volume are the embodiment of Indian philosophy, with more or less modern thought read into it. There is a great difference in the quality of the minor poems, but the reader will find the same beautiful, mystical, poetic passages which have won so many readers of his previous volumes.

From the same House have, THE OPEN DOOR, THE PORTRAIT—two more of the peculiarly pathetic and tenderly told stories by the same author as "Little Pilgrim" and "Old Lady Mary." They touch the heart on average. 75 cents.

From Robert Carter & Brothers we have THE CHILDREN'S PORTION, by Alexander McLeod, D. D. 12mo. This beautiful volume contains the ten or fifteen minutes' sermons to his children, with which the eloquent Scotch preacher was accustomed to prelude his regular discourses. Some of our ministers follow the same course, and they will greatly enjoy the models and illustrations of this interesting book.

From the same house we have, FATHOMS DEEP; or, Courtney's Choice, 16mo—an eminently religious story, showing the power and beauty of piety, and its final sweet office in leading a mother to the Saviour.

The Carters also publish THE SEFTON BOYS, by C. E. Irvine (16mo), illustrating whatever things are true, and honest, and just, and kind and lovely—an instructive little volume.

DOES AND THEODORA, by Margaret Vandegriff, 12mo, Philadelphia: Porter & Coates. This is a capital story for girls. The scene is laid in the West India Islands, just after the liberation of the slaves. Many of the planters were ruined. A lady from the States had taught a school at Santa Cruz, and had sought to develop a self-reliant character in her girls, and the fruit of her work was seen at this time. A number of the young ladies not only stood by their fathers in their depressed fortunes, but started new forms of business, like the preparation of the guava jelly, and made comfortable fortunes, as well as found means of cultivating their minds and adding largely to the enjoyment of life.

ROB CLAXTON'S STORY, by Parthena B. Chamberlain. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 16mo. A capital story for boys, showing the power of temptation, and the possibility and only way of reform.

Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, issue, in a handsome 16mo, with broad margins, OBITER DICTA, without the name of an author. 229 pp., \$1.00. The volume embraces seven essays written with much vigor upon Carlyle, Mr. Browning's Poetry, Truth Hunting, Actors, A Rogue's Memories, Via Media, and Falstaff. There is a freshness and force about these essays that arrest and readily hold the attention of the reader.

Phillips & Hunt, New York, publish a fresh story by Emma Leslie, the author of several of the best novels recently issued by the same house. The present tale, which like the others is attractively written, and is true to the social life and historical incidents of the period it embodies, covers the times of John Wickliffe. It is a seasonable and entertaining volume. \$1.00.

They also issue WORDS AND WAYS; or, What They Said and What They Did, by Sarah J. Jones. \$1.00. In a pleasant and natural story the way in which certain boys and girls found peace in Christ is related.

Ginn, Heath & Co. publish, in paper covers, an edition of ARISTOPHANES CLOUDS, edited on the basis of Koch's edition, by M. W. Humphreys, of the University of Texas. This edition includes a carefully edited text, has abundant critical and explanatory notes.

HERCULES BRAND is the title of a new book recently published by the National Temperance Society and Publication House, written by Arthur M. Cummings. "Hercules Brand" was the trade-mark chosen by a wealthy distiller for his liquors, which became famous throughout the country. A drunkard himself and a defender of the drink he manufactured, he was at last compelled to see the evils resulting from strong drink to communities and individuals; his conscience was aroused, and his business abandoned after a severe struggle. 16mo, 447 pp., \$1.50. For sale by J. P. Magee.

The National Temperance Publishing House, New York, issues THE TEMPERANCE RECITER, No. 2, containing selections for reading and declaiming on the great reform, in prose and verse, by Miss L. Penney.

The same House publishes, also, a series of small and spirited tracts, with illustrations, very useful for distribution.

The Society issues, in its Fifth and Sixth Series, THE WORKINGMAN'S LOAF, by one of their best writers, Mrs. Mary D. Chellis. It shows the harmfulness of beer drinking. 10 cents.

CHINESE GORDON: THE UNKNOWING KING, is the title of a handsome ribboned book, by Laura C. Holloway, which Fuuk & Wagnalls have just issued. It is the compilation from Gordon's private letters of his sentiments regarding life, duty, religion and responsibilities, and can but prove a timely addition to Forbes' "Life." A portrait of Gordon, in mourning border, adorns the cover.

The Family.

RESURRECTION.

"O life, that we cannot lose without so many deaths! O death, which we cannot have but by the loss of so many lives!" — *Madame Guyon.*

I was a corn of wheat
That fell in the ground —
Out of the sunlight sweet,
Out of the sound
Of human voices and the song of birds;
Yet in the dark, and I heard the words,
Once spoken in the dark, and now more pain,
"Ye must be born again."

"O earth, earth, hear," I cried,
"The voice of the Lord!"
Open your prison wide —
Fulfill His word!
But denser, darker, round me closed the earth;
It was a day of death, and not of birth;
And crushing human feet passed o'er the sod
That shut me out from God.

There was no way — no choice —
No light — no day —
No knowledge — no device —
Only death!
Yet at my heart a little dawning life
Remembered God and cast its useless strife;
Remembered the command it could not keep,
And fell asleep.

When life began to dawn,
The song of a lark,
With a sunrise of morn,
Fell through my dark,
And tender sounds of happy growing things,
Or the soft stirring of a cur-sal's wings,
Thrill'd all the unlit dark, and sunless dim,
With an Easter hymn!

Then the great Sun leaped low
And kissed the sod.
Ah! what was I to know
The touch of God?
The dumb earth melted at His voice, and I
Stood face to face with Him beneath His sky.
And all around — within — below — above —
Was life and love.

— MARY A. LATHURY, in *Christian Union.*

IMPRESSIONS OF THE SOUTH.

BY REV. E. A. MUDGE.

FOURTH PAPER.

A pleasant call on Rev. W. H. Lawrence, pastor of the Centenary M. E. Church, Charleston, S. C., happened to be on an afternoon preceding a marriage ceremony in his church in the evening. Being desirous to see his house of worship and some of his people, we gladly accepted an invitation to be present. The house is one of the largest in the city, whose galleries and floor will seat 1,500 people, and the church membership, if we rightly understood the pastor, is numerically greater than the seating capacity. In this large membership there are forty-three classes, each leader having two or three assistants, making a well-organized corps of co-laborers for the pastor. On the evening of the wedding, being early seated in the altar, we had before us one of the most interesting scenes of such an occasion we ever beheld. The fine large organ was skillfully played while the people came in. Six or eight, perhaps, of the pews upon either side of the centre aisle were reserved for the wedding party, and the others on the floor were soon well filled, besides many in the galleries. The bridegroom and bride soon appeared, preceded by two little girls with baskets of flowers and five groomsmen and bridesmaids, all tastefully dressed. A somewhat long but solemn and interesting ceremony was witnessed with profound silence, and all retired without, so far as I saw, the slightest act or motion of impropriety. But were these the slaves, or the children of the slaves of a few years ago? Yes, with few exceptions. Were they negroes? Three-fourths of Bro. Lawrence's church members resent being designated as colored people; these are the "octoroons," whose negro blood was only a small percent. of their white blood. Yet these octoroons feel the odious caste pressure, and so do not worship with their white brethren, and we are sorry to learn, are somewhat inclined to indulge it toward their brethren of a darker skin!

The question of a Methodist school to give advanced training to the large numbers of children in these Methodist families, is one in which our laborers in Charleston are deeply interested. We ought to have at once a good academy. It is well known that Charleston has been historically the leading city of the South in almost all respects, and impresses the stranger everywhere with this leadership; but Atlanta, it seems to us, is to hold a strong rivalry with it in the future. But Charleston is a city of great interest. Ascending the tower of the St. Michael's Church, we have a beautiful panorama of its fine harbor, and the inlets of the sea and embracing rivers, which make it almost an island. Before us are fine buildings, wide avenues and numerous church spires, which evidence the increasing manufacturing interests. As we descended the tower the courteous janitor showed us the scars which bomb shells from Fort Wayne had, during the late war, made on this old, historic building. Fortunately they were not serious.

A half day in the harbor was delightfully instructive, yet connected sadly with bloody scenes. The harbor steamer left us first near Fort Moultrie, around which are beautiful summer resorts, commanding a fine sea view. From this point we steamed to Fort Sumter. As from the tower of St. Michael's we had before us the grouping of the harbor islands, so from Sumter we had in one view the shore lines of the city. From these two points one has a picture of some of the most interesting scenery of the Atlantic coast. May it never again have the blood-stains of war! The sergeant in charge of Sumter courteously showed the visitors the lines of defense along which an utter wreck was caused by the bombardment, and the changes which had since been made. As we stood upon the rampart, facing the city, the sergeant pointed to a green spot a little to the left, about three miles away. From that came the first shot against Sumter and the Union! What a chapter of history lies between that shot and the surrender of Gen. Lee! To the left of Fort Wayne, where Col. Shaw, of Boston, and the greater part of his colored regiment fell in the first attempt to take it. A little west of Wagner, the "Swamp Angel," five miles from the city, sent its occasional

warning bomb shell bearing a prophecy of its speedy downfall. As we took our last look from Sumter of this beautiful panorama, we thanked God that the angel — not the "swamp angel" — but the angel of peace, spread his wings over all.

The one other place of interest of which we shall speak, because deeply impressing us, was the historic cemetery of Buena Ventura. A pleasant ride of a few miles brought us to its gateway. A stroll to the right brought us to the ancient monument, and overshadowing branches of historic live oaks. The place was solemn in its memories of generations of white men who first disturbed the hunting-grounds of the red man. But the one silent yet living witness of the centuries of this place, antedating by long ages the time when the existence of the American continent was conceived by Columbus, is a wonderful live oak. Men of science think they find upon it the marks of fifteen hundred years! One of its massive limbs is twisted and hangs nearly parallel with the ground, and yet seems not to have lost any vitality. More than a hundred years ago a mighty tempest, jealous perhaps of its defiant strength, wrestled with the old oak in the vain attempt to throw it to the ground. It did but leave this one mark of the wind's fury and the tree's endurance. Of the many live oaks in the vicinity this one seems to be the father, and the special object of interest in this historic burial-ground.

We carried with us from Charleston many pleasant memories of the city and its people. A Sabbath in Columbus was intensely lively, like that in New Orleans. From Columbus we hurried away from the sunny South (not very sunny in December) to our stormy but ever dear New England home.

A brief, summary statement of our impressions of the South, will, I hope, be acceptable to the reader. First, of course, of the freedmen's condition. We say hopeful — wonderfully so in view of his antecedents and present environments. Many well-dressed, intelligent men of this race were seen in positions of trust and respectability where we did not expect to find them. At the letter delivery at the post-office, at Savannah and Charleston, we found the negro, and many employees seen in the mailing departments were of the same color. The position of teachers in schools of their own race is already filled to some extent by them, and will be more and more open to their aspirations.

Another side to this picture is seen everywhere in the negro's ignorance, poverty, and filthy condition. As seen in the cotton regions from the cars, and about the stations of small villages, ragged and idle, his condition looks sad indeed. The homes of these regions, if such they may be called, are sad-looking places. The "model home" of Clark University, and other freedmen's schools, indicate an effort in the right direction.

My impressions of the former slaveholders and those trained under their influence, are favorable to the near future of the South and the whole country. That intense hatred burns in the hearts of some towards their victims, is but a proof that human nature in them is true to itself. The trend is to peace and higher civilization.

LORD BYRON.

BY REV. F. A. CHAFFS.

SECOND PAPER.

HIS MARRIAGE.

Mr. Murray, his publisher, paid him \$80,000 for copyright, yet he was deeply in debt, and must needs mend his fortune. There seemed at least one way open — a well-worn way — marry a rich wife. By liberties over their cups, one lady after another was named as a candidate, till choice was made of Miss Milbank, who, either blinded by the halo that surrounded his name, or alarmed by the delusive hope of drawing him from his evil way, became the wife of Byron. The marriage took place Jan. 2, 1815. He began the day in one of his gloomy moods; his mind was full of his early loves and losses. He early left the house to wander in the grounds till called to attend to the ceremony.

Thus began what might have been the honeymoon, but to them was a March month. They rode together to her father's country-seat, and as soon as the carriage door was opened he leaped out and walked away, leaving the young bride to bear her sad heart up the steps where she had ever before bounded lightly as the mountain roe. Subsequently the poet calls this day the saddest day of his life.

In view of his approaching nuptials he had expressed a purpose to reform, but no reformation took place. Soon plunging into the wildest excesses, he spent the year, and in consequence gave up to the bailiff much of his furniture and library, and a large part of his wife's dowry. These experiences, the same that have driven many women to despair, and many more to desert their betrayers, only brought out the noble linaments of his wife's character. With a heroism brighter than that which shines on the fields of bloody strife, she sought to save the lost one, and, standing in the breach, met the legions of his creditors with her ample fortune, giving to him kindness and sympathy that ought to have won him back to virtue. Alas! that such devotion should have been in vain. So long had he given the reins to passion, that now, like Mazeppa, he was borne restlessly on. At times he saw the grim deformity of vice, but still sank into the monster's arms. Lines written not long after his marriage seem to indicate a conscience not altogether scared: —

"There's not a joy the world can give,
Like that it takes away,
When the glow of early thought declines
In feeling's dull decay."

"'Tis not on youth's smooth cheek
The blush under which fades so fast;
But the under bloom of heart is gone,
Ere youth itself be past."

As the New Year dawned on this young wife, her fortune gone, and the storm that had swept it away still beating upon her, there was an unwonted glow around her heart, for she embraced her first-born. But in her early convalescence she was ordered by her brutal husband to prepare to remove to her father's house at the earliest moment. Her physician, and others, thinking him insane, counseled compliance. She went, and returned no more.

HIS LIFE ABROAD.

In the spring of 1816 Byron left England never to look upon its shores again. To the death of his mother he gave a momentary gush of tears, to his sister a few parting lines, and to the wide, world-wide a scowl of bitter contempt. At lawyers, who had doubtless been the bane of his life, he thrusts, comparing them to a pirate, who "pursued his watery journey, And only practiced as a sea-attorney."

Having broken the vows taken at hymen's altar, he vents his spleen thus: —
"Dante's Beatrice, and Milton's Eve,
Were not taken from their spouses you believe."
To the people whose hearts spurned him because of his reckless ways, he sends this arrow: —

"He [the Corsair] was the mildest mannered man that ever scuttled ship, or cut a throat;
Pity he loved adventurous life's variety,
He was so great a loss to good society."

THE NIGHT OF SORROW.

BY WALTER FRANK PRINCE.

Turn from the darkening east,
Look toward the glowing west,
Though sorrow cloud my timid soul,
God knoweth what is best;
And in the midst of gloom, I know
That He will send me rest.

If it were always day,
Nor ever came the night,
I ne'er should see the sunset sky
Throbbing with crimson light,
Nor trace a pathway winding up
Mid hills of glory bright.

So, did not sorrow come,
My soul might back away
Its hours in pleasure's idle beam,
Nor turn to catch the ray
That falls from heaven's gates of gold
At falling of the day.

And the same midnight hour
That hides the earth from me,
Shall point a host of beautiful things
Before I could not see —
A thousand shining truths above,
To draw me nearer Thee.

And visions, fairer far
Than dreamer ever sees,
Will cheer that dark and solemn night,
And bid its anguish cease;
Shadows of blisses yet to come,
Celestial rest and peace.

Then quit the darkening east,
Turn to the glowing west,
See in the beauty of the cloud
A consolation blest;
Bear on, hope on, and ever trust —
God knoweth what is best.

THE TRUE HOME; WHAT IS IT?

BY MRS. R. H. WOOD.

It is the birth-place of peace, happiness, and joy to the infant mind; the place where selfish love reigns supreme; the place to which all may bring the tale of temptations and conflicts, of disappointed aspirations and hopes, of defeats and failures, expecting to receive stimulation to hope and wise suggestions, how to repel temptation and conquer in every conflict. No sarcastic smile and scornful curling of the lip meet the one that brings a confession of wrong doing; no sharp reproof and severe threatening cause the repenting one to first cringe, then to yield to wicked feelings and resolve to have his own way.

The true home is a place where strict uprightness of character, unswerving integrity in every relation of life, and obstinate adherence to individual duty to home, society, church and country, is lovingly taught by precept and example. The home is the soil in which is sown the seed that germinates soonest, grows the rankest, and remains the longest in the brain and heart of the child. Parents need not be learned in literature, art, and science (though this would do much for the child) to bring such an education to the home as to secure to the children a life of peace, honor and happiness.

Thus far we get a hint of what parents owe to their homes. But their responsibility stops not here. Families make communities, and they are thrifty, peaceful, and respectable in proportion as the homes are such. So of the nation; its honor and perpetuity depend upon the homes. It has been truthfully said that "a nation cannot rise above the level of its homes." Then let our homes be the gathering place of virtues, the palace for hearts, beautified by unselfish love. We often read and hear of the mother's work in the home, as if the father had no duty, no privilege there. While we acknowledge the wife and mother as priestesses for the healing of sorrow and the uplifting of hearts, and always radiating a warm and holy love, ready to sacrifice for the welfare of others, we accord to the father, as the supreme ruler of the family, the highest privilege and choicest duty of giving to his child its first ideas of the love of the universal Father, by judicious ruling, long forbearance, and equitable judgment, combined with that love that seeks the highest good of all. From the father the child receives his ideas of honor, integrity, and of the true man. The well-being and well-doing of a household depend equally upon father and mother. One cannot delegate his or her duty to the other. The Creator has adapted each for his or her own duty, and if one attempts to do that which does not belong to it, the result is discord and unhappiness.

I wish these few words might bring a new interest to the work of our homes. If we would have our nation one of

moral purity, we must bring the principles that make it such into them. While we honor and bid Godspeed to every organization for advancing the cause of Christ — the suppression of a monster evil, Mormonism, the blot of pollution on a nation's escutcheon; and last and greatest for the beheading of the ally, venomous serpent, begotten of Satan, and nursed by the fires of the smoldering still — we plead that more love for the home, of the poor, the ignorant, and godless may manifest itself in our charities and work. With these thoughts burning in the hearts of Christian women, a mothers' meeting was called during the session of the Sterling camp-meeting one year since. To the meeting elicited much interest, and many who before had been depressed with the thought that their work was almost useless, seemed to awaken to new hope and courage. In the meeting last August it was resolved to organize under the name of the "Home Circle," and elect a president and secretary whose duty shall be to call and arrange for a meeting during the session of the annual camp-meeting; also to correspond with any who may wish to hold similar meetings in their own towns. It would be an encouraging feature in the work of the church, if, in every town, women would come together for the purpose of conversing and reading upon home influence. Our young women, and mothers especially, need to be informed and encouraged relative to home life and duties.

Should any reading this wish to know more of this work, they can correspond with Mrs. C. Spaulding, Webster, Mass.

THE NEW MISTRESS OF THE WHITE HOUSE.

THE NEW MISTRESS OF THE WHITE HOUSE, Miss Elizabeth Cleveland, says the Albany correspondent of a Cincinnati paper, "accepted that position with great reluctance. A life of luxury is the farthest from her desire. Her chosen work is that of lecturing, chiefly to audiences in young ladies' schools. She is a wide and brilliant scholar and conversationalist, yet withal so modest and gentle that she readily wins the friendship of all. In person, she is rather petite, with short clustering hair curling softly about her forehead and neck, just suiting her face. Her taste in dress is simple, though not severe, but she wears few ornaments. It is predicted that she will not be disrespected by ambitious desires socially on the part of her brother, the President, whose pride will be in quite another phase of his administration. Indeed, when Governor at Albany, he abolished the wine-closet of his predecessors and treated his office callers to cigars only."

Now that the new mistress of the White House — God bless her and keep her! — steps into the place which she will honor as highly as it honors her, she will scarcely fail to remember that day of last spring when the Woman's Christian Temperance Union met in national concert of prayer for the convention of the United States. She will remember that special hour to which she herself gave direction and leadership, and all incidentally, by the Spirit of God, turned all thoughts toward the future mistress of the White House, that whoever she might be, she might be endowed with heavenly graces to stand in the nation's highest home, its true priestess, its safe example. The then leader, now in God's providence first lady of the land, is a Christian worker — a W. C. T. U. sister beloved. We saw her, in tender sympathy, the message sent once before to the White House: —

"Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee; are all with thee."

A sister of President Arthur, Mrs. R. M. Carr, of Albany, is also a W. C. T. U. worker, who preferred its reception in her own city, last New Year, to the gay crowd at the President's mansion, and might have been seen all day, tying on ribbon pledges and giving sweet words of Christian counsel and comfort to the callers in no sense fashionable — but the poor and the needy. Her costume was not the theme of the press reporter's pen, but the recording angel wrote her name as one possessed of the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit — her robes, the robes of righteousness.

MARY B. WILLARD.

Evanston, Ill.

Our Girls.

AGNES AND THE FLOWERS.

Agnes sat in her little room, over the shop, trying to study her Latin lesson. She was not really thinking about the lesson, however — her thoughts were in the school-room, around the corner of the next street.

The girls had stood by the window, at recess, and chatted together about birds and flowers. The fancy seized them, as it has done many a girl, to name her favorite flower, and to be called by it awhile.

"There must be something in us that will make the particular flower we choose seem just the right one for us," said Emily Hartman.

"Do you mean something in our characters, or something in our circumstances?" asked Clara Russell.

"Oh, both! For instance, Amy Grey wouldn't think of choosing the rose, would you, Amy?"

Amy's face flushed, she dropped her head, but made no reply. The girls, one and all, said, "The lily is for Amy."

"And the rose is for Annie," whispered Gertrude. "If we were to have a May party, we should certainly choose her for our queen."

"Lou must take the lily," suggested another.

"That means, dear, that you are ambitious. No one but you can have the lily."

The flowers and the girls were named, one by one, till there were no more

flowers, and but one more girl — Agnes.

The bell for study rang just then, so that no one had time to remark upon this, if, indeed, they gave it any thought. Agnes, however, had a great deal to say to herself, on the subject, both then and in the afternoon, when she sat in the little room, over the shop, trying to study the Latin lesson.

She thought of the girls, by name, each in a beautiful home! It seemed the most natural thing in the world to call them after the flowers! "An easy thing, too, for them to live the life of flowers!" Agnes said, a little under her breath.

Her eyes wandered from the lesson to the street, just in time to see Amy pass in a pony phaeton. She looked very sweet and cool in her pretty blue lawn and white straw hat.

"Oh, Lily! you use that as a sword!" said Agnes, looking at her. "She needn't take any more thought for her life than the lilies take for theirs. It's horrible to be poor, and to be obliged to live over this shop! If things were only as they used to be!"

Agnes thought sorrowfully of the time when they lived in a handsome house, and felt no care about money matters!

"If only Uncle Robert would come back from India, and help father out of these business troubles," she said. "I must leave school soon, I suppose; father said he didn't know how he could pay my last term-bill. Oh, dear! Poor Mary had to leave, to make it so that I could go! I know she felt dreadfully sorry. Oh, what's the use — I cannot study this afternoon! I must give up, and have a good cry! A flower indeed! I'm not a flower!"

"You — why, you are something of a flower!" said a voice from the door. "You are coming in on tip-toe. Mother says you are a sunbeam! But, Agnes, mother has a headache — I am trying to keep baby quiet, but it is such a drowsy creature, perhaps you would come and help when you get through with that lesson?"

"Oh, of course I can come! Every one supposes that I can get on without the least bit of rest," Agnes said hurriedly.

She looked surprised; it was so unusual for Agnes to speak impatiently. "Something at school has vexed her," she thought. "Mother wouldn't call her a 'sunbeam' just at this moment. Oh, well, the sun must go under a cloud now and then."

"Some days must be dark and dreary," hummed the little woman, going away as softly as she had come.

"Poor Agnes," she thought, "why didn't I find out what vexes her? It is so nice to talk over one's troubles now and then. So back she went, and, peeping in at the open door, she said:

"What is it, Agnes; won't you tell me?"

"Oh, it's everything!" exclaimed Agnes. "And she told Mary about the flowers, and how there had not been a flower for her, and that this had set her to thinking."

"I am glad that you told me," said Mary. "And I am glad that I read that poem yesterday. I know just the flower for you — it is the snap-dragon."

"Snap dragon!" cried Agnes, half-vexed, half-amused. "I don't know anything about the snap-dragon. I don't like the name, though."

"It's a lovely flower," cried Mary. "I read a poem yesterday about flowers. It's in this old book," she said. "There is a great deal about the rose, the lily, the ivy, and all those flowers; it calls them 'flowers of the heart.'"

"Hold in form and rich in hue,
The bud of a purer dew,
Smiling lips and winning eyes,
Meet for earthly paradise."

But it says the sweetest things about the snap-dragon. It doesn't ask to stay in green fields and beautiful gardens; it is willing to grow in rough places, to climb crevices in the wall:

"Pleasure, wealth, birth, knowledge,
Power,
The have each an emblem flower;
The snap-dragon is the emblem of lowly thought and cheerful pains.
Be it mine to set it at naught.
On roving wish and selfish plaint."

"Mine, the unseen to display
The red and white public way,
Where life's busy arts combine
To shut out the dead Divine."

"There! that does for you, exactly," cried Mary, throwing down the book, kissing Agnes, and running away before there was time for a reply.

"Baby is asleep still," she thought, peeping into the nursery. "I'll go see if mother would like me to bathe her head."

"Thank you, dear," said her mother; "you are a good girl, and I am glad that you are so thoughtful."

When Mary returned to the nursery, she found Agnes there.

"Go take a walk in the garden, dear," Agnes said. "I will stay with baby awhile. Afterwards I'll order tea, and you and I will be the only ones at table with father."

With the baby in her arms, Agnes sat at the window, just where she had caught a glimpse of Mary swinging under the old beech-tree. It was not much of a garden; only a grass yard. Still, there was this one tree, besides some vines and honeysuckles. Soon Barbara came in, and took orders for tea, which, by the way, Agnes decided must be as delicately as possible. She knew that her father would be tired, and that he would miss her mother from the head of the table.

After all, though, they had a very pleasant time. Later in the evening, through the half-open door, Agnes heard her father say to her mother:

"They are both treasures! I would rather have my two good daughters than to own all the wealth of the Indies!" — *Sunday School Times.*

The Little Folks.

THE MISSIONARY CHICKEN.

BY EMILY HERRISON.

Alice had gone to a meeting of the Children's Mission Band for the first time, and returned filled with the desire of doing something to help the cause. She eagerly questioned her mother as to what she could do to make some money for the missionaries.

"Perhaps," said mama — "it was in the winter — you can raise a chicken this spring, and when it is large and fat, papa will sell it for you, and so you will have nearly a dollar to give to the missions."

So when the next hen was given eggs to sit upon, Alice selected the largest egg that she could find, and laid it with the others to go under the hen. Then she waited three long, long weeks for the egg to hatch her missionary chicken.

At last, one morning, her father told her that the old gray hen had hatched a large brood of chickens, and was proudly leading them about in the barn. You can guess, perhaps, how quickly

Alice ran to see them and to select her missionary chicken, for that egg had hatched. She picked out the largest, yellowest, downiest chick of them all for her own, thinking that from the largest egg must come the largest chicken.

Then how carefully she fed those chickens daily with bread crumbs and afterward with the rich yellow meal, until Dick, as she called him, grew large and fat.

But as Alice saw how large he was growing to be, covetous thoughts entered her little yellow head, and she said to herself: "Why can't I sell Dick and have the money myself this time, and then next year I will raise another to help the heathen?" Alice's father was not very rich, and there were very many things which she would have liked much to buy with the money.

Besides, she told herself, it was the first chicken she had ever raised, and it would be no more than fair that she should have the money for that one when she would not for any another year. So she made up her mind to have Dick for herself.

Strange to tell, in a week or two Dick sickened. Alice could not tell what was the matter with him, but certainly it was that the chicken was very sick.

Alice in despair took mama into her confidence, telling her how she had planned to keep the money for this one chicken herself, and how he had sickened, and she was very much afraid that she should lose him. Mama comforted her little girl, and told her that possibly if she should decide to give him to the missionaries after all, he might get better and bring a good deal of money. So Alice, following her mother's advice, decided to give the chicken to the missionaries provided he should live, and took all the care of him she could, keeping him away from the other fowls and feeding him as often as he would eat anything.

And now comes the most marvelous part of the story — at least, it seemed marvelous to Alice. Dick suddenly commenced to grow better, and in a couple of weeks was busy as ever in growing fat and large. And finally, before Thanksgiving, Alice received a whole dollar for the missions — all gained from the sale of Dick, who had grown to be a fat chicken.

Perhaps mama could tell something about her care for Dick and the doctors she gave him to make him regain his health, but to this day Alice believes that had she not decided just when she did to give the money for the aid of the heathen, she never could have saved her father, and she often thinks of the promise she had so nearly broken when she raised her missionary chicken.

WINTER'S RETALIATION.

BY MARK TRAFLET.

"Ha-ha! Ha-ha!" so you thought me dead?
"The hard old tyrant is gone," you said,
"But I guess you reckoned without your host!"

You'd find at your door an "obituary post,"
I'm not a bankrupt, I think you'll find,
Nor defunct either, if I know my mind.
'Tis true I'm old, and, it may be, slow,
But all shall be squared before I go.

I had just skipped down to New Orleans,
To witness the Exposition scenes;
So merry were they to see the "old fellow,"
That, ere I knew it, I had grown quite "melancholy."

But so angry I grew on my return,
To see raised high my burial urn!
But, said I to myself, now for a surprise,
And I laughed till the icicles hung on my eyes.

"His back is broken," the noddies say,
"The grim old tyrant has had his day."
So off came your windows, aside hung your furs,
And mourning your Pegasus, in went the spurs.

"Hurrah! hurrah!" I heard you sing;
Off you go dallying with p-r Miss Spring;
In your hand a bouquet, so sweet, but alas!
I laughed, for I knew it was grown under glass.

You wondered the tryst: she had failed to keep;
Ha! ha! I well knew she was fast asleep!
She dalled too long with that gay Fred
And ventured to visit a Christmas ball.

And foolishly danced until about dead,
So I tucked her up in her little bed;
I'll teach her at home until called to stay;
That's a trick, she'll learn, at which two can play.

Your thinking me dead — 'twas only a snooze —
Is like those who wait for dead men's shoes.
But here I am, for I love you so,
To pay in full tale the debt I owe;

There's a snack for your cheek, a nip of the nose,
And a touch for your ears, like the hues of the rose;
Don't think that I slight you, or anger re-tain,
I'll leave, ere I go, my card on the pane.

This lesson I give, which I hope will be read —
Don't bury a friend until sure he is dead!
North Pole, March 20

AN IMPORTANT FOOD REFORM.

PRODUCTION OF CHEMICALLY PURE CREAM OF TARTAR—TAL ELIMINATION OF ALL LIME IMPURITIES—NEW DISCOVERIES IN REFINING—A LONG STRIDE TOWARD PURE FOOD.

(New York Tribune.)

Discoveries of much importance on account of the relation they bear toward a more wholesome food supply and consequently upon the public health, have been recently made in the process of refining cream of tartar. Cream of tartar, as is well known, is a bitartrate of potassa purified from the crude tartar, or argol, which collects in a crystalline deposit upon the bottom and sides of wine casks during the fermentation of the wine. This tartar, in its crude state, contains lime and other impurities, which no process of refining known prior to that here described was able to entirely remove. It has been possible, it is true, to neutralize the lime to some extent by the aid of chemicals, and this method was resorted to in order to procure cream of tartar in small quantities for pharmaceutical purposes; but it was open to serious objection in view of the fact that the chemical employed for this purpose were not always washed out but remained in quantities that were uncertain and prejudicial to its quality. The supposed impossibility of removing the lime has, accordingly, caused cream of tartar to be classed and sold as pure when it did not contain more than five per cent of this impurity. The major part, however, of that used in comm-re, or for culinary purposes, contains the tartrate of lime to an extent much greater than five per cent, not infrequently being found, upon analysis, debased to a degree equaling one-fourth or more of its entire weight.

In a report upon the subject of food adulteration made to the New York State Board of Health by Professors Chandler and Love, it is stated that of 27 samples of cream of tartar bought from dealers as pure, 16 were adulterated with various substances from 3 to 93 per cent, while of the remainder all contained tartrate of lime, some as high as 10.59 per cent.

The serious character of this adulteration is more readily appreciated when it is recollected how largely cream of tartar enters into the preparation of the food of every family. In connection with soda in baking powder it is the chief agent now employed for raising and making light and digestible all our biscuits, cake, and other pastry, and, besides, in many communities, superseding the old-fashioned yeast for all leavening purposes, so that it is employed to some extent in almost every meal of which we eat. The amount of cream of tartar used in this country in a year in baking powder and otherwise in the preparation of food is estimated at ten million pounds. If this were 90 per cent pure—a high estimate—we would consume one million pounds or more of lime annually as a substitute for bread. So large a deterioration becomes appreciable in the deprivation of our food of a portion of its nutritive elements not only, but if, as is now supposed, this excess of lime taken into the system has a relation to the painful affections of the kidneys so prevalent in this country, its bearing upon the health of the entire community is too important to be overlooked.

The new process by which cream of tartar is produced 100 per cent pure—that is, with the lime totally eliminated—by treating the crude material under pressure instead of using any chemicals whatever for the purpose, was the discovery originally of a German chemist, but has been developed and perfected by the Royal Baking Powder Company of this city, through whose efforts a few years since in behalf of a high standard of purity in food, the public was rid of the poisonous alum baking powders at that time so prevalent.

The determination of this Company to place upon the market only absolutely pure goods, and the impossibility of doing this from the cream of tartar of commerce, made it apparent that some new method must be sought by which cream of tartar could be procured in large quantities, free from lime and chemically pure. The cream of tartar refiners of this country and Europe when approached upon the subject, declared such a result impossible, and declined to incur the expenditure necessary to make the trial. The Royal Baking Powder Company, accordingly, resolved to solve the problem for itself, and having secured the aid of the best chemists of Europe and America, proceeded with its investigations and discoveries until the result, after several years of labor and the expenditure of over half a million dollars in the purchase of patents, perfecting of processes, and the erection of buildings and machinery, was reached in the complete attainment of the end sought. The works (now owned by the New York Tartar Co.) are located in Brooklyn, and exceed in size and capacity any other similar refinery in the world. They produce a chemically pure cream of tartar, which is now exclusively used for pharmaceutical preparations, and in the manufacture of the celebrated Royal Baking Powder.

The energy and outlay that have effected this, will undoubtedly be fully rewarded by the public which will chiefly benefit by the successful issue of the investigations. People are coming daily to more fully appreciate the value of pure and wholesome food. By the exclusive use of this chemically pure cream of tartar, the Royal Baking Powder is produced entirely free from lime, and absolutely pure, qualities possessed by no other baking powders yet made. A baking powder entirely free from lime or other impurity must not only contain more strength or leavening power and produce better food and therefore be more economical for use, but what is more important, possess qualities of superior wholesomeness.

Chemists and physicians have looked upon the experiments with much interest, and regard their success as a matter of much importance.

The Week.

DAILY RECORD OF LEADING EVENTS.

Tuesday, March 24

Edward J. Phelps of Vermont nominated by President Cleveland for minister to England; Gov. Robert M. McLane of Maryland, minister to France; George H. Pendleton of Ohio, minister to Germany; Henry R. Jackson of Georgia, minister to Mexico.

The ultramarine blue works of Heller and Mera in Newark, N. J., destroyed by fire, the property loss reaching \$150,000.

Death, at Washington, of Mr. E. D. Clarke, of Mississippi, the newly-appointed assistant secretary of the interior.

Gen. Graham's advance on Tami begun. No opposition from the Arabs.

The French troops so harassed by the Chinese forces that they are unable to advance from Langson.

Wednesday, March 25

Gen. Barrios reported as marching on San Salvador with 15,000 men.

Death of Jacob Thompson, Secretary of the Interior under the administration of President Buchanan.

Large fire in Mercantile Block, this city, causing an estimated loss of \$75,000.

Henry L. Mulrow of Mississippi nominated by the President for assistant secretary of the interior.

Osman Digna preparing to make a desperate resistance to the British advance on Tami. The British loss in Sunday's engagement with Arabs placed at six officers and 94 men killed, and six officers and 136 men wounded.

Pearl negotiations between France and China reported to be in progress at Peking.

Thursday, March 26

Hon. Samuel S. Cox of New York nominated by the President for minister to Turkey.

The Music Hall and St. Louis Catholic Church in Buffalo, N. Y., destroyed by fire, the property loss reaching \$250,000. One man was killed.

The British cabinet resolved to firmly demand of Russia that she begin at once the work of delimiting the Afghan frontier.

Gen. Graham's headquarters moved two miles nearer Tami. By Sunday's battle the British losses will reach 580 in killed and wounded; that of the Arabs being placed at 3,000.

Friday, March 27

Safe arrival, at Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, March 15, of the mislabeled steamer, "Morning Star."

Two men killed, and others fatally hurt, by a boiler explosion in Groton, Vt.

The reports in regard to the Winnipeg rebellion greatly exaggerated.

A French defeat near Dong Song, with a loss of two hundred killed and wounded.

The British attack on Tami delayed. Difficulty in obtaining a supply of water. Hasbeen again in possession of the Arabs.

War impending between England and Russia.

Saturday, March 28

The Winslow House at Randolph, Mass., damaged by an explosive, presumably dynamite.

Thirty houses burned in Oakland City, Ind. N. J. Coleman of Missouri nominated by the President for minister to agriculture; Alexander McCue of New York, solicitor of the Treasury; and Gen. Joseph E. Johnston of Virginia, for commissioner of railroads.

Gen. Graham not to begin his advance on Tami till the water transport system shall have been completed.

Collision of the forces of Honduras and San Salvador, and occurrence of several skirmishes. The war feeling in Mexico intense.

Sunday, March 30

Gen. Grant worse—an unexpected relapse yesterday morning.

Another defeat for the French forces on the Tonquin frontier; Langson captured by the Chinese troops, the Frenchmen being driven back to Dong Song and Thanul. Gen. Negrier severely wounded.

Gen. Graham and his troops slowly advancing toward Tami.

The situation of the Afghan frontier practically unchanged.

Fifty houses destroyed by fire at Foo Chow, China.

Arosemena succeeded by Gen. Gonima as President of the United States of Columbia.

Evacuation of Fort Carleton, Winnipeg, and retreat to Prince Albert, by the mounted police; the fort, during the withdrawal, accidentally catching fire and burning to the ground.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate, Invaluable as a Tonic.

Dr. J. L. Pratt, Greenfield, Ill., says: "It is all that it claims to be—invaluable as a tonic in any case where an acid tonic is indicated."

Messrs. C. A. Smith & Co., 18 and 20 School Street, are always up with the times in offering their customers the best assortment of goods to be found in the market for gentlemen's wear. Their Spring stock embraces a large variety of fabrics of the choicest grades, which they "make up" to order. All who desire good clothes and good fits should give them a call.

We are glad to call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Messrs. Springer Brothers of this city. This firm has become well known all over the country as manufacturers of ladies' and children's fashionable garments, and wholesale dealers in the same. As a reward of undying energy and strict integrity in conducting their business affairs, they now stand among the largest (if not the largest) manufacturers of ladies' garments in this country. In order to gain increased facilities for work and salesmen, they leased a year or two ago the entire block, facing Essex Street, and extending from Harrison Avenue to Chancery Street. This afforded them an opportunity to open a salesroom for the display of their garments, and also for the accommodation of a retail trade. The room is large and light, having windows on three sides—elegantly furnished, not excelled for appointments and facilities for showing goods by any cloak parlor in this country. In fact, we know of no room that compares with it for spaciousness, soft and agreeable light, and richness of finish. Let all who enjoy looking at ladies' garments in every variety, and seeing one of the most attractive salesrooms in the country, visit at once Messrs. Springer Brothers' establishment.

Her face was young, yet her hair was gray. She tried Parker's Hair Balm, and now her hair is soft and brown. Only 50 cents.

Vegetable thoroughly eradicates all humors, and restores the entire system to a healthy condition.

"I think your Centennial Salve, all it is recommended and more too. My babe has had sore ears all its life, and one application completely cured them." Mrs. Lizzie S. Harrison, Harrison, W. T., to J. J. Pike & Co., Chicago, Mass.

MOTHERS, NOW IS THE TIME to fit out the youngsters economically, by taking advantage of A. Shuman & Co.'s sale of odd lots and broken sizes, in Boys' and Children's suits.

Beware of Scrofula

Scrofula is probably more general than any other disease. It is insidious in character, and manifests itself in running sores, pustular eruptions, boils, swellings, enlarged joints, abscesses, sore eyes, etc. Hood's Sarsaparilla expels all trace of scrofula from the blood, leaving it pure, enriched, and healthy.

"I was severely afflicted with scrofula, and for over a year had two running sores on my neck. Took five bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and consider myself cured." C. E. LOVEJOY, Lowell, Mass.

C. A. Arnold, Arnold, Me., had scrofulous sores for seven years, spring and fall. Hood's Sarsaparilla cured him.

Salt Rheum
William Spies, Elyria, O., suffered greatly from erysipelas and salt rheum, caused by handling tobacco. At times his hands would crack open and bleed. He tried various preparations without aid; finally took Hood's Sarsaparilla, and now says: "I am entirely well."

"My son had salt rheum on his hands and on the calves of his legs. He took Hood's Sarsaparilla and is entirely cured." J. B. STANTON, Mt. Vernon, Ohio.

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